MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
19
CAMP | FRIGERI | BLEE
DEC. 2025 | RATED T+

What would you sacrifice for what you believe?

The uprising is happening all over the world, but Captain America, Hawkeye, Hank and I have taken up the liberation of the East Coast...
...mobilizing multiple Ultimates cells and a battle group of Avengers.
To reinforce his position, Captain Britain has brought in his *Army Neverending*--an occupying force of enslaved English culture heroes, elves, giants, faeries, ogres, goblins, trolls, orcs, etc. It's make-believe run amok.
Last week, Captain America killed King Arthur. (He'll be back. In Avalon, they have resurrection spells and cauldrons of rebirth.)
Captain Britain himself refuses to leave Camelot, surrounded by good-luck gold seized from the Leprechaun treasury. Which is maybe why he's *winning*, despite being an inbred idiot.
The fighting has been going on for a month, with no signs of slowing down.
We've all made sacrifices.
Hurk!
Many have made the *ultimate sacrifice.*

Some of us sacrifice in other, less obvious ways.
Ways too small to see with the naked eye.
SPLURCH
N-nice one, babe. Not horrifying at all.
Hey, what's that...?
The Ultimates Network is down.

The Ultimates Network is down.
The Ultimates Network is down.
The Ultimates Network is down.
Oh god...
It...it's the Triskelion.
Wh-what? How--?
It doesn't matter--there were at least a dozen people on board! We need to perform a search and rescue!
With the Triskelion down, there's no more teleporter...
Then I guess you'll have to go on foot. Good thing you two take such big strides, huh?
I never wanted to get married.

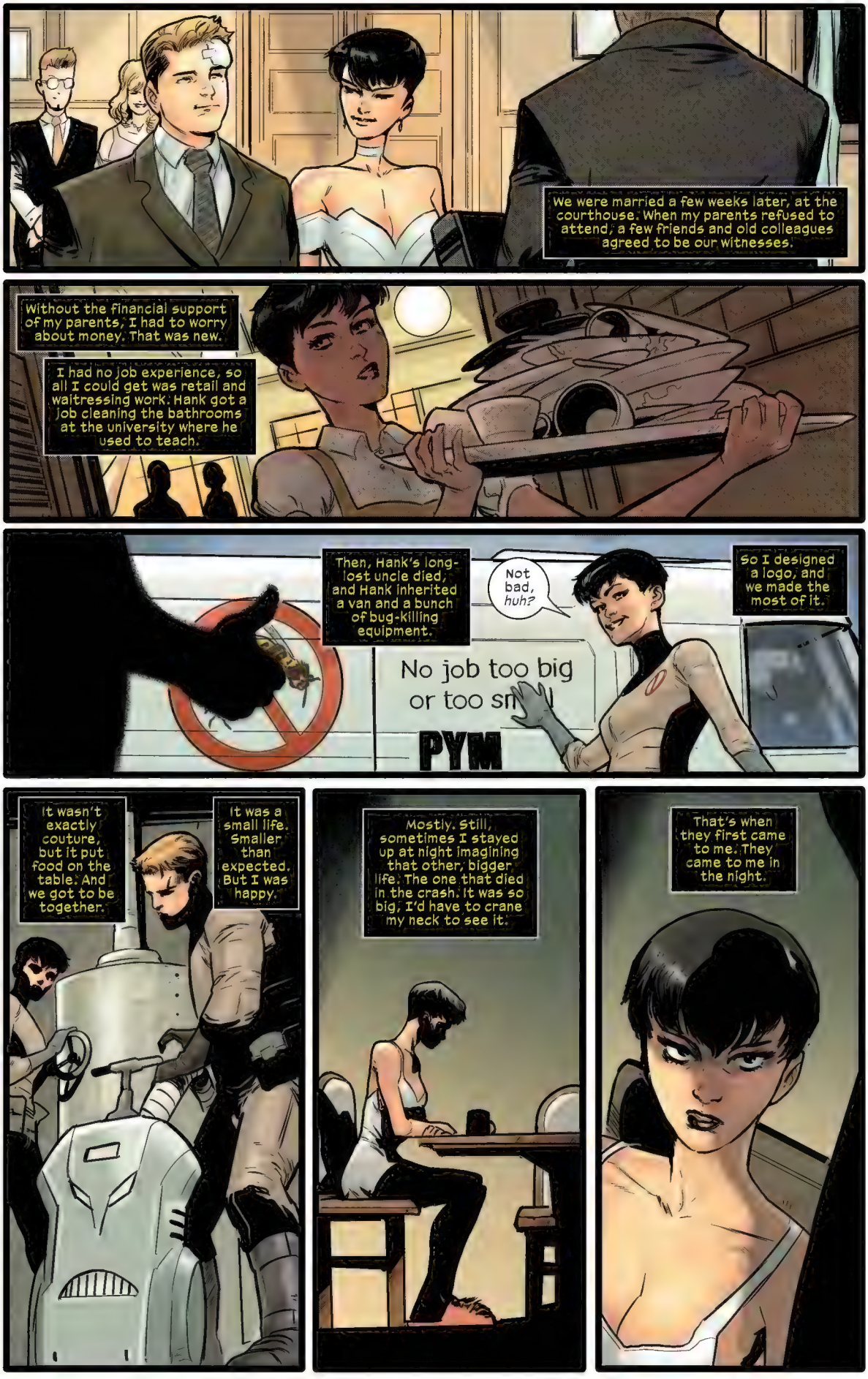
I saw what marriage had done to my mother, and I swore I'd never let it do that to me.
Besides, I had dreams. Big dreams. I wanted to leave a mark on the world. Marriage would only hold me back.
But then I met Hank.
It was at one of my father's corporate balls, which were generally just a bunch of old men. Titans of industry or distinguished scientists. And then, one day...Hank.
Janet, I'd like to introduce you to a brilliant young man, who we think is going to be an important part of the future of Van Dyne Industries. ***Henry Pym.*** Henry has some revolutionary ideas about *mass.*
I'm a lot less boring than that makes me sound. And my friends call me Hank.
Janet.
He was just a boy in a room full of old men, but he took up space somehow.

We started seeing each other casually. Neither of us wanted anything serious. We just liked being together.
There were ups and downs, like any relationship. Sometimes his animated brilliance would cross over into mania...
You have to listen to me!!!
STAN STAN Expo
...and there were days I couldn't get him out of bed.
Please, Hank. Just come with me to get something to eat.
But these were rare and short-lived. It was a small price to pay for what we had.
Every night, we'd order food and just talk and talk, sometimes until sunrise.
He'd describe a new theory of matter, and I'd show him my designs. Hank never made it seem that one was more important than the other.
These are amazing, Janet!
He was the only man I'd ever met who didn't try to make my dreams seem small.
One day, I realized that, despite my best efforts, I was in love.
[redacted]!!!
I remember it exactly--because it was the same day as Hank's accident.

The day that changed *everything.*
No one could have survived this! Janet...*Lejori* was up there!
H-h-h...
She's alive!
Hhh-hhhu-h-h-how...?
What would you sacrifice for what you believe?
Shhh. It's okay. You're going to be okay... I--I'm sorry, I don't know your name...
...
I'm so sorry. I--I--I don't know your *name.*
Janet...
I did this...my fault.
JANET!!!

INCOMING!
A THOUSAND MILES AWAY.
This is a waste of time.
Maybe not. Our spy satellites say a roughly human-sized object made it through re-entry and landed here. One of them could have survived.
No way. No one survives a fall from space.
I'm telling you...
...there's nothing here.
They said it was a miracle Hank survived the crash.
SMASH

I'd say it was debatable. When he finally woke up (four weeks, three brain bleeds, and 18 surgeries later), he was a different person.
H-have we met before? You look so familiar...
It was like someone had erased his mind. Later, I'd find out that's exactly what they'd done.
Thinking too hard--the kind of rigorous, sustained thinking his work required--gave him awful headaches. He could no longer do the crossword, much less high-level physics.
You can't just fire him, Daddy!
I had high hopes for the young man, but he's no use to me now, Janet. Nor any use to you, I'm afraid.
I--I love him.
Tsk. Don't get emotional. You've known him for less than a year.
He's dead weight, Janet. You're young. You have your whole life ahead of you.
My father was right. I had my whole life ahead of me. And this wasn't the man I fell in love with.
The man I fell in love with could recite French poetry from memory...
The man I fell in love with could speak eloquently on quantum entanglement and Greek literature...
This man struggled to string simple sentences together.
This wasn't the man I fell in love with. I had to walk away.
Are you...
But then, after everything he'd been through, he said something amazing.
Are you... okay?
I mean... how could I walk away from that?

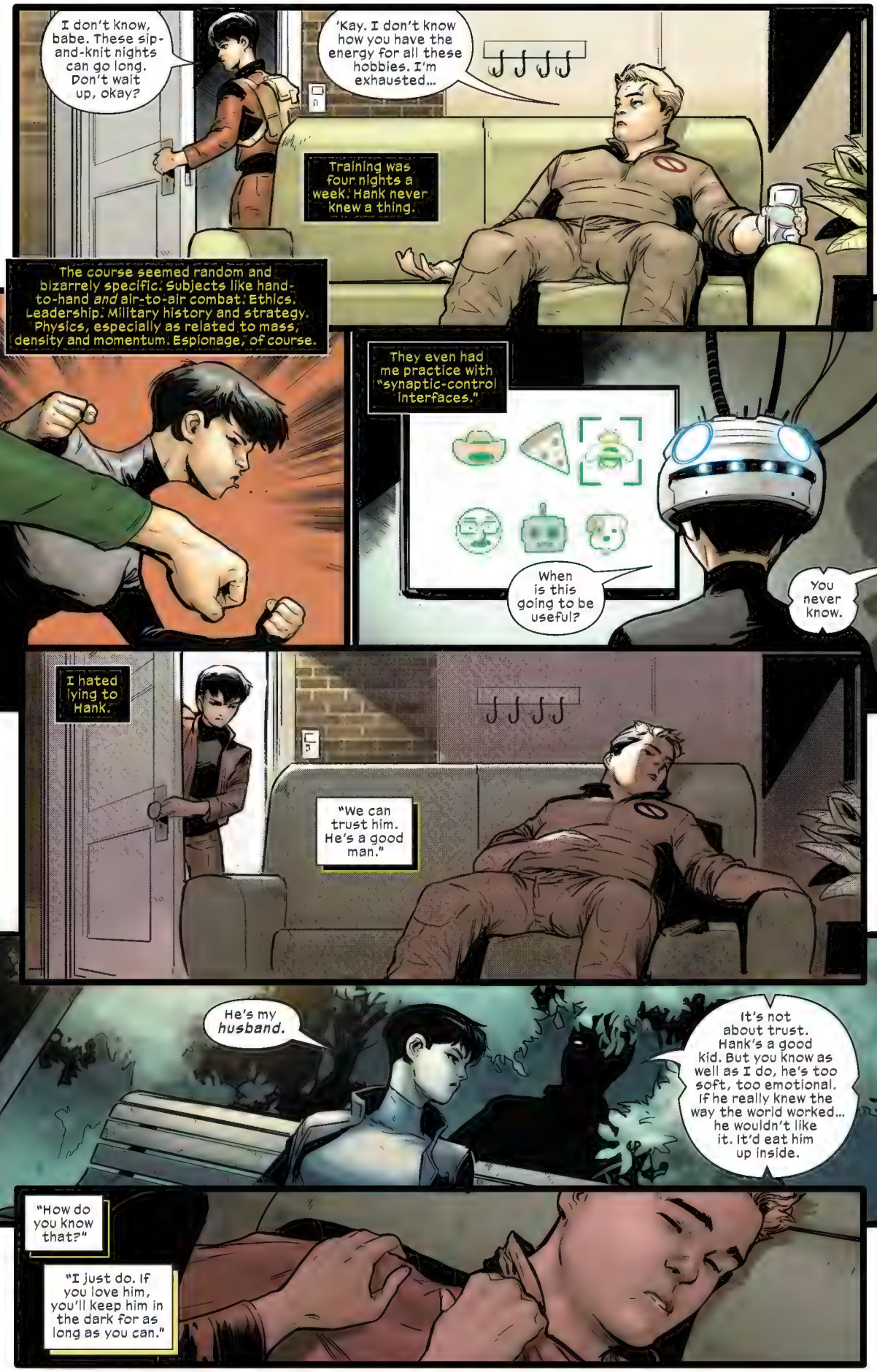

We were married a few weeks later, at the courthouse. When my parents refused to attend, a few friends and old colleagues agreed to be our witnesses.
Without the financial support of my parents, I had to worry about money. That was new.
I had no job experience, so all I could get was retail and waitressing work. Hank got a job cleaning the bathrooms at the university where he used to teach.
Then, Hank's long-lost uncle died, and Hank inherited a van and a bunch of bug-killing equipment.
Not bad, huh?
so I designed a logo, and we made the most of it.
No job too big
PYM
It wasn't exactly couture, but it put food on the table. And we got to be together.
It was a small life. Smaller than expected. But I was happy.
Mostly. Still, sometimes I stayed up at night imagining that other, bigger life. The one that died in the crash. It was so big, I'd have to crane my neck to see it.
That's when they first came to me. They came to me in the night.

ZRAAACKK
ZZZRRRKRAAAK
RATATATATAT
ATATATAT
TATATAT
TATATAT
OWOW OWOWOW OW!
Hank! Stop!

ZZZAT
ZZZAT
SPLURCH
TAK
TAK
TAK
TAK
TAK
Wow. You're amazing, you know that?
What would you sacrifice for what you believe?
CRACKLE

ZARTTACK!
Hank!
Stop! Stop this!
The director wants anything with super-powers destroyed on--
"H.A.N.D. is power! H.A.N.D. is magic! H.A.N.D. will make us clean!"
CODE PHRASE: AMBER-TURNCOAT. IDENTIFIER CODE: 1966-2301-232.
We work for Fury! We're on your side!
...wh-what?

Enslaved my people. Killed my comrades. Shot me from the sky.
But I *thank* you. For helping me reach this new place. I thought I knew anger before. I thought I knew rage. I knew *nothing.*
It was naive to believe a boy would save us. With his home-made armor and gleaming castle in the sky. I was a fool to put his priorities before those of my people.
It is good to have my feet on the ground again. I see with clarity again where I belong.
I had hoped to return with an army, but I will have to do!
"When do you think you'll get home?"

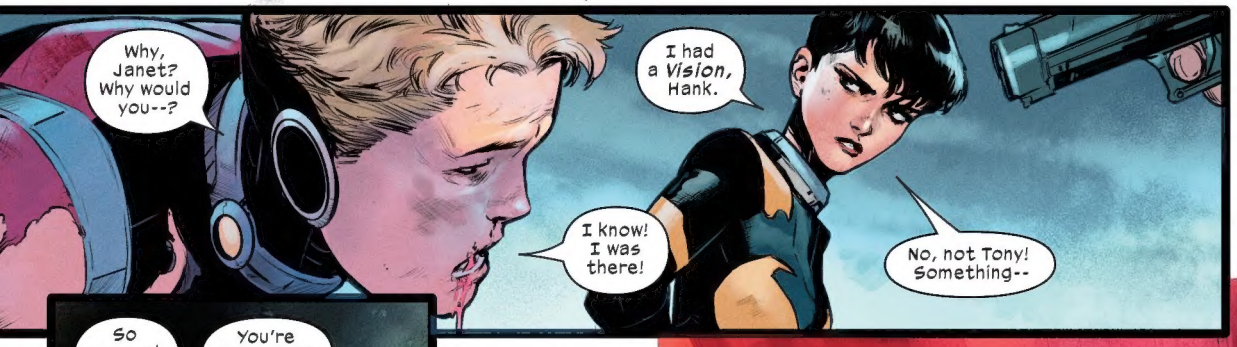

I don't know, babe. These sip-and-knit nights can go long. Don't wait up, okay?
'Kay. I don't know how you have the energy for all these hobbies. I'm exhausted...
Training was four nights a week. Hank never knew a thing.
The course seemed random and bizarrely specific. Subjects like hand-to-hand *and* air-to-air combat. Ethics. Leadership. Military history and strategy. Physics, especially as related to mass, density and momentum. Espionage, of course.
They even had me practice with "synaptic-control interfaces."
When is this going to be useful?
You never know.
I hated lying to Hank.
"We can trust him. He's a good man."
He's my *husband.*
It's not about trust. Hank's a good kid. But you know as well as I do, he's too soft, too emotional. If he really knew the way the world worked... he wouldn't like it. It'd eat him up inside.
"How do you know that?"
"I just do. If you love him, you'll keep him in the dark for as long as you can."

That's why I did it. For him.
Or at least that's what I told myself at the time.
But if I'm being honest-- and I want to be more honest-- I did it for me too.
I loved it. I felt like I had purpose. I felt my life getting bigger than I could have ever imagined.
Send me on a mission! You've been training me for years! Let me put it into practice!
No. You have to be spotless. We can't risk you having a criminal record.
Why not? What makes me so special?
Then, one day, I saw it.
You were meant to be a great hero.
The vision.
Do you understand now, Janet?
I think so. Some of it.
We've been putting this together for a very long time.

"It's all been planned out."
That's all right, boys. I'll talk to them.
Come to see your handiwork up close, eh?
Seriously-- great work, Van Dyne. Couldn't have done it *without* you.
Janet... what's he saying? What does that--?
Hank, I can explain.
She did it for *you*, you know. To protect you.
Shut up, Fury!
Nasty scar there, by the way. Must have been *some* accident.

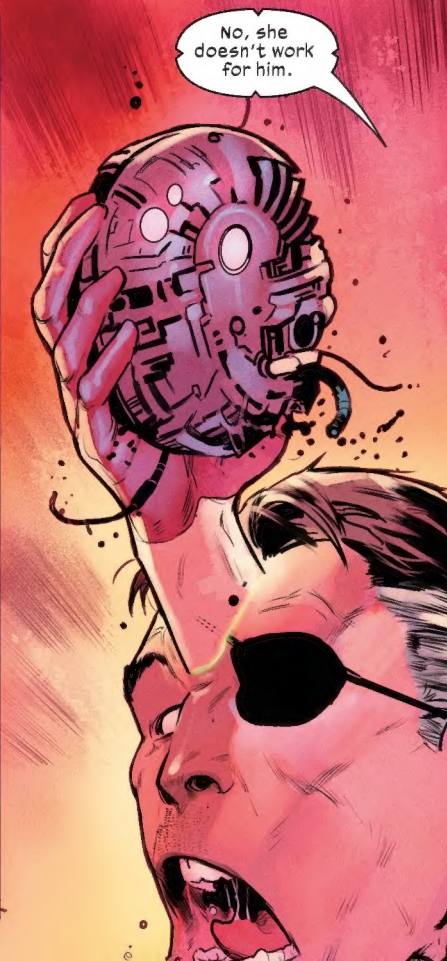
Janet, I duhhh-uhhh-n't understand! I duuhn't uhhh-uhhhnderstand what's haaaahaaahappening right now!
Hank...I *had* to... It was the only way. I didn't know--
Hhgggrrughhhh!
Hank, your head! You'll hurt yourself! Please just calm down!
I don't think he's taking it well, Van Dyne. He seems unstable.
It's from his old injury. He'll be fine.
This is not the picture of a man who's gonna keep a secret.
He's *fine.* It'll pass.
Hell, it's not the picture of a *man.*
None of this is what it looks like...
It looks like a *liability.* For all of us.

I can't do this anymore. Do you hear me?
Well, too bad. We're not done with you yet. We'll keep your Hank as our guest--we've got plenty of room in the holding cells.


Why, Janet? Why would you--?
I had a *Vision*, Hank.
I know! I was there!
No, not Tony! Something--

So you work for *him* now?
You're damn right she--

do-- *uhhhh?*


No, she doesn't work for him.

BLAM BLA
BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BL
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
she works with me.
NEXT: BEHOLD THE VISION!

WRITER: **DENIZ CAMP**
ARTIST: **JUAN FRIGERI**

COLOR ARTISTS: **FEDERICO BLEE AND EDGAR DELGADO**
LETTERER: **VC's TRAVIS LANHAM**
COVER ARTISTS: **DIKE RUAN & NEERAJ MENON**
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS: **STEFANO CASELLI & FEDERICO BLEE; TAURIN CLARKE; INHYUK LEE**

DESIGN: **JAY BOWEN**
PRODUCTION: **GABRIEL MATA**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **MICHELLE MARCHESE**
EDITOR: **WIL MOSS**
EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI**

© 2026 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.